

A proper new Ballad, Intituled  
The wandring Prince of Troy.

To the Tune of Queene Dydo.



When as Troy Towne, for ten yeares waere,  
withstood the Greeks in manfull waie,  
Yet did their foes increase so fast,  
that forrest none could suffice;  
Till lye those walles that were so good,  
And Cozne now growes where Troy Town stood.

Eneas wandring Prince of Troy,  
when he for Land long time had sought,  
At length arriv'd with great joy,  
to mighty Carthage walls was brought:  
Where Dido Quene with sumptuous feast  
Did entertaine this wandring Guest.

And as in Hall at meat they sate,  
the Quene desirous newes to heare,  
Of thy unhappy ten yeares warres,  
declare to me thou Trojan deare,  
The heavy hap and chance so bad,  
That thou poore wandring Prince hast had.

And then anon this comely knight,  
with words durtire as he could well,  
Of his unhappy tenne yeares warres,  
so true a tale began to tell,  
With words so sweet, and sighes so deepe,  
That oft he made them all to weepe.

And then a thousand sighes he fetcht,  
and every sigh brought teares amaine,  
That where he sate, the place was wet,  
as he had sene those warres againe:  
So that the Quene with ruth theretoze,  
Said, woe thy Prince enough, no more.

night space grew on,  
yet in skies were spied,  
had told,

and every one was laid in bed:  
Where they full sweetly toke their rest,  
Sawe enely Didoes boiling brest.

This silly woman never slept,  
but in her Chamber all alone,  
As one unhappy alwaies wept,  
and to the walles she made her moane,  
That she should still desire in vaine,  
The thing that she could not obtaine,

And thus in grieve she spent the night,  
till twinkling starres from skies were fled,  
And Phoebus with his glistering beames,  
through thicke cloudes appeared red:  
Then rayns came to her anon,  
That all the Trojan Ships were gone.

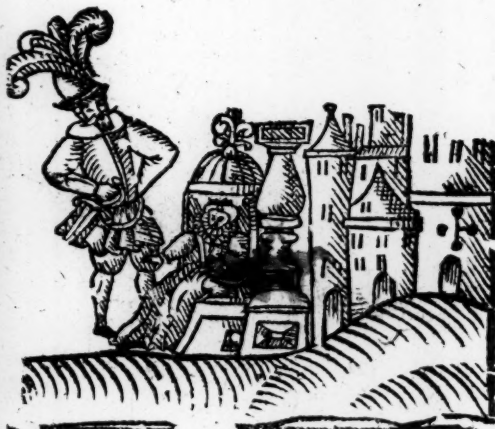
And then the Quene with bloody knife,  
did arme her heart as hard as stone,  
Yet somewhat loath to lose her life,  
in wofull wise she made her moane:  
And rolling on her carefull bed,  
With words and sobs these words she saide.

O wretched Dido Quene (quoth shee)  
I see thy end approaching nere,  
For he is gone away from thee,  
whom thou didst love and hold so deare.  
Is he then gone and passed by?  
O heart prepare thy selfe to die.

Though reason would thou shouldst forbear,  
and stay thy hand from bloody stroke,  
Yet fancy sayes thou shouldst not feare,  
whom fettereth thee in Cupids poke:  
Come death (quoth she) resolve my smart,  
And with these words she pierc'd her heart.

# A proper new Ballad, Intituled The wandring Prince of Troy.

To the Tune of Queene Dydo.



When as Troy Towne, for ten yeares waies,  
withstood the Greeks in manfull waies,  
Yet did their foes increase so fast,  
that to resist none could suffice;  
Till lye those walles that were so good,  
And Cozne now growes where Troy Town stood.

Eneas wandring Prince of Troy,  
when he for Land long time had sought,  
At length arriv'd with great joy,  
to mighty Carthage walls was brought:  
Where Dido Quene with sumptuous feast  
Did entertaine this wandring Guest.

And as in Hall at meat they sate,  
the Quene desirous newes to heare,  
Of thy unhappy ten yeares warres,  
declare to me thou Trojan deare,  
The heavy hap and chance so bad,  
That thou poore wandring Prince hast had.

And then anon this comely knight,  
with words durtire as he could well,  
Of his unhappy tenne yeares warres,  
so true a tale began to tell,  
With words so sweet, and sighes so deepe,  
That oft he made them all to weepe.

And then a thousand sighes he fetcht,  
and every sigh brought teares amaine,  
That where he sate, the place was wet,  
as he had sene those warres againe:  
So that the Quene with ruth theretoze,  
Said, loosthy Prince enough, no more.

right space grew on,  
yet in skies were spied,  
had told,

and every one was laid in bed:  
Where they full sweetly toke their rest,  
Sawe enely Didoes boiling brest.

This silly woman never slept,  
but in her Chamber all alone,  
As one unhappy alwaies wept,  
and to the walles she made her moane,  
That she should still desire in vaine,  
The thing that she could not obtaine,

And thus in grieve she spent the night,  
till twinkling starres from skies were fled,  
And Phoebus with his glistering beames,  
through thicke cloudes appeared red:  
Then rayns came to her anon,  
That all the Trojan Ships were gone.

And then the Quene with bloody knife,  
did arme her heart as hard as stone,  
Yet somewhat loath to lose her life,  
in wofull wise she made her moane:  
And rolling on her carefull bed,  
With words and sobs these words she sate.

O wretched Dido Quene (quoth shee)  
I see thy end approaching nere,  
For he is gone away from thee,  
whom thou didst love and hold so deare.  
Is he then gone and passed by?  
O heart prepare thy selfe to die.

Though reason would thou shouldst forbear,  
and stay thy hand from bloody stroke,  
Yet fancy sayes thou shouldst not feare,  
whom fettereth thee in Cupids poke:  
Come death (quoth she) resolve my smart,  
And with these words she pierc'd her heart.

3

The second part, to the same tune.



**V**hen death had pierc'd the tender heart  
of Dido Carthaginian Quene,  
And bloody knife did end the suar  
which she sustain'd in woollfull teene,  
Eneas being ship't and gone,  
Whose flattery caused all her moane.

Her funerall was costly made,  
and all things furnisht mournfully,  
Her body due in mould was laid,  
where it consumed speedily:  
Her sisters teares her tombe beskow'd  
Her subjects grieve their kindnesse shew'd,

Then was Eneas in an Ile  
in Grecia where he liv'd long space,  
Whereas her sister in short while  
writ to him to his soule disgrace,  
In phrase of Letters to her writ he  
She told him plainly he was on his way.

False-hearted to catch (quoth she) thou art,  
and traiterously thou hast betrayd,  
Unto thy lure a gentle heart,  
which unto thee such welcome made:  
O sister deare and, Carthage joy,  
Whose folly breed her great annoy.

Put on her death-bed when she lay,  
she pray'd for thy prosperitie,  
Beseeching heaven that every day  
might breed thy great felicity:  
Thus by thy means I lost a friend,  
Whom heaven send thee such untimely end.

When he these lines full fraught with gall,  
perused had and weigh'd them right,  
His lost courage then did fall,  
and straight appeared in his sight,  
Whom Dido's Ghost both grim and pale,  
Which made him gill at Scutler quail.

Eneas (quoth this grievely ghost)  
my whole delight while I did live,  
Thee of all men I lov'd most,  
my fancie and my will did give.  
For entertainment I thee gave,  
Unthankfully thou dig'st my grave.

Wherefore prepare thy sitting soule,  
to wander with me in the ayre,  
Where deadly grieve shall make it hole,  
because of me thou took'st no care:  
Delay no time the Glasse is runne,  
Thy date is past, and death is come.

O stay a while thou lonely spirit,  
be not so hasty to conuay  
My soule into eternall night,  
where it shall nere behold bright day,  
O doe not frowne, thy angry lookes  
Hath made my breath my life forswake.

But woe is me, it is in vaine,  
and bootlesse is my dismall cry,  
Time will not be recall'd againe,  
nor thou surcease befoze I die:  
O let me live to make amends,  
Unto some of thy dearest friends.

But seeing thou obdurate art,  
and wilt no pittie on me show,  
Because from thee I did depart,  
and left unpaid what I did owe,  
I must content my selfe to take  
What I of thou wilt with me partake.

And like one being in a trance,  
a maddinge of ugly flames,  
About this woollf, I dance a vaine dance,  
No helpe he had of any friends,  
His body then they took apace,  
And no man knew his dying place.